

# Zion's Herald

VOLUME LXX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1892.

NUMBER 9.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
58 Bromfield Street, Boston.

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ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationers and printers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.  
Price, including postage, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

### The Outlook.

Emperor William's "personal equation" is somewhat baffling. It is difficult for us on this side of the water to understand him. Unquestionably he has the highest interests of his country at heart. He is an active and tireless reformer along many lines. He is bent on translating his ideas into legislation as speedily as possible. But why does he make so many indiscreet speeches? Why does he display so much impatience and irritation? Of course he feels provoked at being hindered or thwarted in his schemes, but the language he uses from time to time cannot be explained on this ground alone. When he wrote in the visitors' book at Munich, "The king's will is the highest law," though he put it in Latin, he avowed an absolutism which every one of his subjects must have resented. It was, to say the least, injudicious for him to proclaim as he did, at the Bradenburg banquet in 1890, "He who bars my way, I will dash to pieces;" or to use the expression credited to him at a dinner in 1891: "There is only one ruler in this country; I am he, and I will suffer no other." Such rash utterances are not forgotten. But when, last week, at another dinner, he advised the grumblers and malcontents to "shake the dust of Germany from their feet," and retire to some other country, it was scarcely to be wondered at that a social ebullition followed, and that a riotous mob of unemployed workmen should sing the Marseillaise in the streets of his capital and almost besiege his palace. He probably did not mean them when he uttered his offensive remarks, but they resented it nevertheless. It is true that he was not cowed by this explosion of popular discontent. It was a brave act for him to mount his horse and ride almost unattended through those excited crowds. There is the right stuff in that young ruler. But great powers are lodged in him, and in an unguarded moment he may say or do something which will precipitate a catastrophe.

Rabbi Marcus Jastrow for the Hebrews, spoke to the assembled multitude words of cheer and faith. Then from a myriad voices went up the strains of grand old "America," and amid cheers, songs, screaming of whistles and huzzas the noble steamer left her dock for Libau, Russia, where she is due March 9. Unstinted praise is due the Philadelphians for their great generosity in this matter.

Do monkeys talk, and do they have a systematic language?—were subjects which interested a large and brilliant audience recently in New York. A phonograph had been provided, and Mr. R. L. Garner, who had made the language of monkeys a study and had compared the speech of captive monkeys in various parts of the country, gave the result of his investigations. He thought he had discovered common root-words seemingly used by all monkeys. He believed that human beings could get along with a thousandth part of the words found in the larger dictionary, and that very many of these words were for the uses of poetry only. The speech of monkeys, he added, was uttered with such rapidity that it sounded like chattering and squeaking, but when the velocity of utterance was reduced, "it became clear that the talk was in syllables, and not in inarticulate whistlings." He quoted Mr. Frank Cushing's experience among the Zuni Indians—that the latter learned the various notes of alarm among different animals, and tried to kill the sentry first. The study of animal speech he claimed to be of rare interest.



Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D. D.  
Pastor Trinity M. E. Church, Chicago.

### LECTURES ON PREACHING.

CHARLES H. called Dr. Isaac Barrow the "Unfair Preacher," because he was so exhaustive in the treatment of any theme that he left nothing to be said by his successor. This, said the King, is unfair. Certainly there is little left to be said on the general subject of preaching, in a practical way, after the admirable lectures delivered before the Boston University School of Theology, during the past week, by Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D. D., of Chicago. This course is annual, and is delivered by different distinguished preachers. Dr. Bristol swept a wide range. In personal appearance of medium height, slender, with light hair and mustache, and rather pale face, he is to be recognized as a thoughtful and vigorous speaker. The audience, very large at first, gradually increased, though the noon hour was somewhat unfavorable.

Dr. Bristol's personal history is somewhat romantic; surely, as we generally reckon it, providential. He was born in Orleans County, N. Y., forty-one years ago. His father died when the youth was twelve years of age, leaving no property. Attending school at Keeseville, N. Y., and doing such work as he could find during the winter seasons, in summer he herded sheep, tended cattle, or did other farm-work to add to his slender earnings. He finally became the third clerk in a drug store. While there, at the age of seventeen, he was converted and called to preach. Having resolved to abandon his business (which was in part the making and selling of liquors, as was then in vogue in drug-stores), one day, after his work was finished, he knelt down in the straw on the cellar floor and asked God to give him strength and nerve to tell his determination to his employer. From that hour God led him on, helping him signally when he needed help, strengthening him when he needed strength, and opening the way when it seemed closed to him. He received his education at Northwestern University, being helped financially by a saintly woman, Mrs. Rideout, now in heaven. He has preached for many years in different churches in Chicago, and is now stationed at Trinity Church for the fourth year of his second term. He was a delegate to the last General Conference, leads the Rock River Conference delegation to the General Conference this year, and was the fraternal delegate to the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

We present both the preacher and an abstract of his lectures, which will give an imperfect, yet some, idea of their power.

### The Preacher.

#### Monday—His Pulpit.

The Christian pulpit is the central institution of modern society. Not from battlefields nor senate-halls, but from the pulpit have gone forth the influences which have lifted peoples out of their barbarities, inspired them with their intellectualities and moralities, and created the literatures, sciences, arts, and codes of their national greatness and refinement. The torch-bearers of new eras, the heralds of new enlightenments to the nations of earth, have been not ambitious conquerors, nor commercial adventurers, nor clever diplomats, but consecrated missionaries. The men who crowd our admiring vision as the mighty of the past, as the truly heroic, as the men with millenniums in their hearts, and Christian "empires in their brains," are those preachers of the Gospel truth who have gone forth into the darkness of the prophesy of morning has touched the hills, or the stubborn soil has yielded the promise of a harvest.

The power of the Christian pulpit is rapidly becoming universal, and is in every land and community the radiant centre of every humanizing and civilizing enterprise. But I want to emphasize the significant fact that the only pulpit in history that has ever trans-

formed a people and lifted them to a better civilization, has been the pulpit in which a Divine Christ has been preached, a pulpit in which the Gospel of the Cross has been preached, a pulpit in which a final judgment has been declared. The Christian pulpit is a divine institution, and the ministry a divine calling. The first Gospel preachers were "called;" not one of them ventured to preach without a Divine commission. To Peter and Andrew the Master said: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Preaching is a part of the Divine scheme for saving the world. God is the author of the pulpit as He is of the Atonement. I am persuaded that if God calls a man to the ministry, the man cannot succeed so well in any other life-work. I cannot believe that a man who is called to the pulpit has within himself a greater fitness for the bar, the counting-room, the editorial chair, or the senate-hall. God does not spoil good merchants, nor good physicians, nor good lawyers, nor good statesmen, to make poor preachers. St. John might have remained a fisherman and mender of nets; Paul might have remained a humble tent-maker, and a narrow, bigoted persecutor; Bunyan might have remained the drunken, swearing tinker of Bedford; Carey might have continued a cobbler, Livingstone a factory boy, Simpson a plowman, Moody a clerk; but they were all called, converted, and preached the unsearchable riches of the Gospel.

It is now that the command seems to come to the Gospel preacher, not to "Open your mouth, and God will fill it," but "Fill your mouth, and God will open it." The pulpit calls for educated men; and especially should our missionaries be highly educated. All the inspirations to encourage you do not come from the past. The present has its benedictions, the future its rewards.

#### Tuesday—His Methods.

Homiletics cannot make a preacher any more than prosody can make a poet. Preaching is more than an art. It is beyond your philosophy. Himself, the individuality, must be in the sermon, as in the poem, the picture, the statue. Preachers show how they know the Word, how they see and know Jesus. No two are alike. Neither imitates consciously or unconsciously any other preacher.

That genius of individuality may be developed by art and culture, though it is originally from God and is in the man. God calls the man because the genius of preaching is in him. Sheridan said in Parliament, when he failed with his first speech: "It is in me, and it shall come out." Education—*educio*—brought the genius out of him, but it never put it into him. Preach from manuscript, from memory, or from vacuity, as you may be led. If you have the extempore gift, be careful lest you depend too largely on that gift and run to words, words, words. Buy pencils by the gross, ink by the gallon, and paper by the ream, and then write until you find an idea, and then write because you have found it.

A sermon must be the outgrowth of a profound motive, which is ultimately the spirit of holiness. Every sermon should aim at the perfecting of the saints, no matter what the subject may be. Do not cling, however, to one style. Variety is one of the secrets of legitimate popularity. Every great preacher has been a serious preacher. Many a Methodist preacher might study the Discipline with profit in this respect. Seriousness is the soul of eloquence. An infinite theme alone is in Christ and the Atonement.

Take a broad and comprehensive view of the Gospel preacher's mission, and indicate that you know what is going on in the world. Have your eye on the problems and questions of the hour. Let no one get the idea out of your broad brow that anybody has a better right to know about everything than the Methodist preacher. To be a master of the one book, you must be a master of a thousand. How should a preacher build a sermon? He should not build it. It should grow. Living sermons are like living flowers and trees—never two alike.

Be not surprised if men hunger for pleasant truths. Keep sweet yourself, and truth from your heart will keep God's children sweet. Few sermons are worth repetition. He will soon become an unacceptable preacher who preaches barrel sermons.

It is almost a sin for a preacher to give an interpretation to a text which he knows scholarship has abandoned. We cannot sanctify men by lying to them. Be honest with God, with yourself, and with your people, even if you consign your pet sermon to the waste-basket.

Do not be afraid of a demonstration, but distinguish between a theory and a verity. He who has not a firm and unalterable conviction of the triumph of the truth of the Bible, had better return to the plough or to the nursery. Distinguish between theological and religious unrest. Botany may change, but the flowers will ever bloom; astronomy may develop, but the stars will ever shine. So theology, which is a science, may advance, but religion changes not. It is life. There is no heresy so great as the heresy of not thinking. But preach what you believe, what you know. Distinguish between theology and the science of theology; for the physician gives to his patient not the formula, but the pill. Be clear. Clearness is the best indication of honesty. Be a man of clearness, not of ornament, if ornament means mistiness. Finally, speak distinctly.

#### Wednesday—His Power.

The first element of efficiency in any undertaking is energy, not money; machinery, not might. The greatest work a man may undertake is to convince a man of sin, and make him a king and priest unto God, and this he does instrumentally. The preacher's work is upon the conscience and will, and this is a difficult work to do, if preaching

means the transformation and glorification of man.

The Gospel preacher must oppose many elements of satanic power with superior power. He must bring to bear forces upon men that must conquer; these powers must be aggressive and destructive, but they must be also re-creative and constructive. An iconoclastic Christianity is just as illogical as an iconoclastic infidelity. I can never break the lame man's crutch unless I can lift him up and walk. The Gospel is not a negation, but a promise and a hope; and the preacher of it needs the highest form of power. May I warn you against the battle-axe and bludgeon Gospel!

What are some of the preacher's sources of power? The power of his personality. There must be a divine philosophy, by which God calls men to preach. Personal ability, gifts and acquisitions are not to be despised. There is an intimate relation between thinking and believing, between reason and faith. Faith without this is superficial soil. My ideal believer is my ideal thinker, and *vice versa*. The men of mightiest faith have been men of mightiest thought. There are many elements in the power of personality—goodness, purity, sympathy, charity, righteousness, anger. These are the sweet and Christlike virtues of the good. This to me is more than all else. One heart in the pulpit charged with our common blood is worth a thousand intellects. No man can preach the Gospel who does not live the Gospel. The preacher should command the power of the truth. In preaching truth, you are preaching power. God does not seal His seal on many a sermon because it lacks so much the truth. God will not give you error power. Oh, here is power—the power of the Word, the power of the truth! The inevitable preaching—which the preacher must preach or die—is the preacher's power.

Another element of the preacher's power is prayer. Is there not a power here which can be found nowhere else? Pray before you begin to preach; may, pray before you begin to prepare. Pray all the way through and all the week through for light, wisdom and power. If the week has been spent in idleness or secular work, how then can we lift our shameless faces and ask for God's blessing?

But the element of all elements of power is the divinely-promised and attainable power of the Holy Ghost. Let not the years go by ere you seek and obtain that power. It is for you to-day. The sermon after which some good brother (he is always about) will come up to you and say, "You did not have your usual liberty to-night," will probably be a sermon which will convert some souls. God has touched those souls with His finger of healing. It has been my experience more than once. Be not discouraged if you think your sermon had not power.

#### Thursday—His Model.

No man can ever maintain pre-eminence unless he has an ideal. The great question of every consecrated man is not: What can I get out of this universe? but, What can the universe get out of me? Ministerial inefficiency is often the lack of ideals in the heart of the preacher. An ideal is better than any living model, for the latter is a constant quantity. Do not be satisfied with being vest-pocket editions of Beecher, Spurgeon, or Whitfield. Young preachers are accustomed to imitate the whine, the squint, and the facial contortions of great preachers. In some of our Conferences you can tell from the young preachers who are the great preachers of that Conference, because they imitate, even to the cut of the hair. I had rather be a genuine three-cent piece than a counterfeit gold eagle.

In forming your style, study all the successful men, and out of them all fashion your ideal. Take no man for your model save Jesus only. Here is a model more perfect than any ideal, both as a man and a preacher. May it be said of you that you are of the school of Christ—in the essentials of His ministry, but not in the accidents of it. Jesus never talked on any theme but religion; but did not religion include all else? The Roman Catholic Church is right when it maintains that every question must be studied religiously.

Let your ministry absorb you; study every subject from the preacher's standpoint. In that Jesus taught that religion is the life, let Him be our model. Your study of the simplicity of Jesus as a preacher should be constant. The sayings of Jesus are comparatively few, but how powerful they are! Their very simplicity stamps them as divine. Ezekiel, Job, John and Paul are difficult to be understood, but Jesus is not. Jesus never argues; He affirms. Nobody is inclined to say there is a better way to pray than that which Jesus taught. The people were astonished because He reasoned, but because He spoke as one having authority. He never tries intellectual gymnastics, but He says kind things out of a fully kind heart.

Jesus gave us the great universal laws. Take the Lord's Prayer, the Parable of the Prodigal Son—there is a religion in either of them. I never like to see anybody go away from my church who wishes that they had a better education, or that the minister had better sense. The common people heard Jesus gladly. He was born among the common people. Almost every man who has been a benefactor of the race sprang from the loins of toll. Gray was wrong when he wrote of "the short and simple annals of the poor." If I were a poet, I would write of the long and glorious annals of the poor. Methodism believes that the tin-pail brigade of to-day will be the gilt-edged brigade of tomorrow, and she believes in saving this tin-pail brigade.

Jesus taught the people in their language, in pictures. He brought truth down to the people's level. Make Jesus your model in

this respect. Put the fodder in a rack that's low enough for the sheep to reach it; and don't feed them on straw, but on the tender, sweet grass.

Preacher, the people expect your language to be pure and chaste. Christ in His ministry to the children is our model. If you would win motherhood, fatherhood and the home, have sympathy with the children. By your sympathy leave songs in the hearts of the poor, in the homes of the humble.

#### Friday—His World.

The preacher's world is no more of an ideal than the world of the bricklayer. We cannot transcendentalize the fact. The world will not idealize or angelize the preacher. It takes him for what he is, and for what he is worth. The world has been here too long not to know how to estimate men. Eastern men sent West are somewhat grieved at the Western lack of deference for the cloth. The preacher ought to keep in mind this Western idea. The most unfortunate specimen in the world is the minister whose only recommendation is his title. A successful ministry is not a life of ease. Josh Billings says he admires the rooster for two things: first, for its crow; and secondly, for the spurs it has to back up the crow. The work a man does is the true measure of his power. A man with a university degree is the man to whom the world may properly say: "This man has a fine kit of tools, give him a chance." And the preacher must not neglect himself—he is a world in himself. Seek for yourself all the blessings of the Gospel which you preach. The fold of Christ is part of the world; Jesus emphasized the command: "Feed My sheep." Preachers should attend to both the work of the pulpit and the pastoral office. He cannot be a first-class preacher unless he attends faithfully to pastoral visitation. Magnetism derived from the life of the people will add to the magnetism of the pulpit. Let it be our holy ambition to excel both as a preacher and a pastor. Transcendent learning, saintliness, martyrdom, and the Sermon on the Mount, have made the pulpit a large place.

It is a wide, wondrous world—your pulpit, your church, your parish. The preacher must be a master of many themes—a public man, a public force. A pulpit must command, not simply sue for, attention. The preacher should be an omnivorous reader. The coming preacher must recognize his parish-wide, city-wide, republic-wide, world-wide world. Nothing so impresses a worldly man, who has great business sense, with the dignity and power of the pulpit as good sense, a manly spirit, and a good stock of brains and information in the preacher.

There are two problems: How shall we get at the people? How shall we help them get at saving grace? If the preacher is called to speak before an art club on "The Reciprocity between Art and Religion," he might show how art is the creature of religion; how it was the preaching of Savonarola that made Michael Angelo a Christian artist, and how the Renaissance was the creator of the Reformation, the Reformation the creator of Puritanism, Puritanism of New England, and New England of our glorious liberties and Constitution. So, also, if he is called to answer any questions which the inspirations and needs of humanity put to him.

We are not to turn our talents or acquisitions to display, but wholly and only for the Lord Jesus Christ. Keep in your eye always the practical results. Do all for the glory of God. On the field of Waterloo the 95th was in the front line. Wellington sent the message: "Stand fast, 95th! We must not be defeated. What shall they say of the 95th in England?" So, what will they say of us, as preachers, in heaven? Thank God for a chance on the field of this nineteenth century to fight for God and His Christ!

Very appropriate and commendatory resolutions were introduced by Prof. Buell, and unanimously passed.

### DIOCESAN EPISCOPACY.

IN the current number of the *Methodist Review*, the editor describes what he regards as the discovery of a brand new species of episcopacy, which he thinks might replace, to our advantage, the itinerant general superintendency handed down from the fathers. The discovery is, in reality, a phase of an old thing to which he has attached a Latin label. His *sui generis*, diocesan episcopacy, is not new, and is not diocesan at all; it is simply a phase of our itinerant general superintendency. Instead of allowing the bishops to run loose over the world, for the edification of mankind, he would shut them up in sixteen or more enclosures, which he calls dioceses. Let us turn over his proposition and see what really lies under it.

#### What is Diocesan Episcopacy?

The word came from the Romans. Constantine divided the Roman Empire into thirteen dioceses, each presided over by a vicar or a prefect. In due time the church created ecclesiastical dioceses, in imitation of those in the State, and over each of these presided an exarch or a patriarch. These patriarchal dioceses were subdivided into smaller dioceses, over which bishops presided. These latter, the dioceses of the Roman and Episcopal churches, are such as exist to-day. The diocese, then, as the dictionaries give it, "is the district of a bishop's ecclesiastical authority." For instance, the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, Phillips Brooks, has supervision of all the Episcopal churches in the State. Within these limits he is supreme; beyond them his authority ceases. The diocese is his kingdom. Our author defines a diocesan bishop as "a local bishop with local duties and locally supreme in his administration." The forty or so bishops of the Episcopal Church are shut up in forty separate pen or enclosures, one bishop in an enclosure. This is diocesan episcopacy; but this is not what the editor of the *Review* means by his *sui generis* episcopacy.

He means by his *sui generis* episcopacy precisely what the Discipline gives us our "itinerant general superintendency." Our episcopacy is general, not diocesan. Our sixteen bishops, instead of being detailed to sixteen separate dioceses, hold their authority and administer in common. In a peculiar sense our episcopacy is a unit, the bishops acting under a

common rule and following the voice of the majority in the board. The decisions they render are the decisions, not of individual men, but of the entire board. A bishop is authorized to decide questions of law in an Annual Conference; but he must decide, not according to his private judgment, but according to the judgment of the board of bishops. As a man, Gilbert Haven believed in the licensing and ordaining of women; as a bishop, he administered adversely, because the board of which he formed a part had decided so; and he must express the views of the united episcopate rather than his private convictions.

Our episcopacy is

#### Itinerant as Well as General.

A bishop is "to travel through the connection at large;" and "if a bishop cease from traveling at large among the people, without the consent of the General Conference, he shall not thereafter exercise, in any degree, the episcopal office in our church." What is it to travel at large? It at first meant that the one bishop, or two, should visit every part of the work during each year; but as the church grew to fifty Conferences, this was no longer possible. Then the episcopal board traveled at large in place of the individual; the episcopate touching every point, even though no single member of the board did so. This larger interpretation was made by the General Conference of 1824, when the bishops were advised to divide "the connection into several episcopal departments, with one bishop or more to each department;" and in 1832 the Conference deemed it "expedient to require each of our bishops to travel throughout the whole of their extensive charges during the recess of the General Conference." The board is now to do what at first the individual did, without any fraction of our episcopal plan. A bishop may be detailed for service to a district for one or ten years, and yet remain a general superintendency; for the reason that his authority extends throughout the whole church. Wherever a member of the board acts, he is present as a member of the body.

This is our itinerant general superintendency, and it is nothing more nor less than this which is proposed by the editor of the *Methodist Review*. His *sui generis* diocesan bishop is still a general superintendency, for the reason that he retains joint authority with the other bishops. It is this joint authority which makes his supervision general. He proposes merely to restrict the general superintendency—which is done now. The Bishops assign the members of the board to certain Conferences for a year. All the editor proposes is to extend the term to four or eight years or more. The change needs no new name or legislative provision. The simple question is whether we want this extension of the term of local service. What advantage would there be in shutting the bishops up in particular districts for a series of years? Would there not be certain large disadvantages to the church? Would not the work be rather hindered than helped by this restriction of episcopal service?

There is little doubt that the reasons which originally led to the adoption of the current plan, and which have maintained it in operation for a century, will be found still, on examination, to have force with the present generation. Men are readily persuaded that what has worked well for so long a time may be of some service yet. Without going far into the subject, we may suggest a few considerations adverse to change.

In all probability the Bishops themselves would not favor the narrowing of their fields of service. To be shut up for four or eight years, in narrow enclosures, would certainly be less agreeable than to be free to move over the whole church. To be sure, their pleasure should not determine the case. If the work demands the limitation, their preference should be subordinated to the public good. But in case the present plan proves favorable to the cause, it would certainly be brotherly and kind to consider the wishes of the men who have to do the work.

#### The Range of the Wider Field

Is itself an education, and does not a little to make the bishops broader and more efficient men. They touch wider circles in society; they come to deal with more diverse interests; they are drawn out on every side; they find a demand for the wisdom and breadth of the statesman. To shut them up in narrow corners would be to deprive them of many of these advantages, and in this way diminish their usefulness to the church.

To restrict the episcopacy would be to hide from the church at large some of the brightest lights in our ministry. Instead of shining over the continent to the edification and inspiration of all our people, this plan would restrict them to narrow circles. If the favored district received large benefits, others not favored would feel that they were deprived of a great privilege. What a piece of unwisdom would it have been to shut Simpson up in an episcopal district! He was large enough to be felt through the whole church, and it was fortunate for all concerned that the Methodist let him loose on this great continent. The existing plan utilizes to the utmost our great men; and it is no small matter in a church, as in a State, to make the most of men and women highly endowed and educated. If you have a man built for a lieutenant-general, it is mean economy to retain him in the ranks, or to make him a corporal or a captain. In the minor place he may serve well; in the major he would serve better.

The restricting of the bishops would destroy something of the freshness which comes with a constant recurrence of new men. The brother who feels that he is not appreciated by the bishop, would find relief in the appearance of another man. The burden would be lifted for the moment even if another replaced him. The change of bishops, as of pastors, relieves any local friction and permits the machine to run on smoothly. The editor's new plan would tend to separate the sections of the church from each other. The bishops, moving through the whole church, are a grand central bond of union which would be felt less strongly the moment they were detailed to these separate departments. We should think of them as bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Finally, the restricting of the bishops would tend to

#### Increase Their Numbers.

The Episcopal Church, though small, has some forty bishops; and with little dioceses we should want a hundred or a hundred and fifty. The new arrangement would give every aspirant a chance. But we are well persuaded that we want no more bishops at present. The general superintendency should ever remain a small body of not more than ten men. There are many reasons for this, as we have before suggested. To enlarge the board is to lower it, to level it down. A wiser way will be to level the pasture up. The enlargement of the board of bishops would be sure to impair the unity of plan and action so essential to safe and efficient administration. A small board will act together; a large one is much more likely to have divided interests and purposes.

In view of all these considerations, we trust the sober, second thought will be to let well enough alone.



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e candidates; they have qualities that fit m for these places. I admit there are ex- tions, but I have stated the rule, as every sible man knows. What would Dr. Town- d do with these men when we come to et to the General Conference? Give them a ticket of leave "to stay at home." I am zed that a man of Dr. Townsend's intel- ence does not see the utter futility of

position. I hope he reasons better for his cause than he does for his. I shall think the cause of Pastoral Theology. If he does not, I shall wonder that some students wish to away from the Methodist Church! Let us test this theory in practice. Suppose, when our Annual Conference meets, a majority of its members shall think the assumed president of Boston University is a desirable man to represent them in the next General Conference. So thinking they will likely to mention it to each other. Of course they ought not. Dr. Townsend would then pray much over it and say nothing. Nevertheless they will mention it, and, "Let us vote for him." All must see Dr. Townsend's theory imposes

### Two Fatal Objections

1. Voting for Dr. Warren. First, he is an error in high position—the president of

tion University and a leader in Methodist Zion, selecting him as delegate, makes him a candidate. Here Dr. Townsend cries, "Be- fore how you vote! Stop, reflect, pray!" Can you imagine Dr. Warren asking him to vote in his own behalf? Can you imagine him as dominating in the most distant manner that would like some man's vote, or that he would like to go to General Conference? Can you imagine him as being anything but a gentleman, the scholar and the Christian as he is? But according to Dr. Townsend ought not to be sent to General Conference. Once more, Dr. Townsend would send none to General Conference who are not pastors. I would to no man in my regard for the pasture of our church. I am among them quite as much as Dr. Townsend is, and I know and appreciate their worth and merits. I offer

to suggestions under this head: First,

**Send Your Best Men;**

Those who will represent you, and do the work of the General Conference with most dignity and honor. If these are in the pastorate, by all means send them. If not, we ought not to stultify ourselves by refusing to send men wherever we find them. Second, Dr. Townsend seems to assume that if none but pastors are sent, the evil of clerical politics will be cured. All the badness, the corruption, from which clerical politics flows, are in deacons, leaders and presiding elders, but the pastors are all sanctified, from birth and

over have lost the blessing! I repeat, I esteem the pastors as highly as anybody; I know them to be in the main good and true men. But possibly there is some human nature in them, and that all have not attained perfection any more than presidents, leaders and presiding elders. Even among them may be found a James and a John who may

ay for the right and left hand seat. Here I had there one may "scheme, combine and ill-wires" for place. Oh, pastors are all right!" but here is a funny illustration: Not long ago, I was enough to see a pastor, one of those they recently held an Anti-Racialist Political Convention to squelch combinations. They determined to send all the pastors to back seats, and nominated a ticket for General Conference on which these innocent haters of rings, combines, or politics of any kind, put their names.

Another feature of Dr. Townsend's removal plan in electing men to General Conference offices is to get outside of that body and those who are worthy, even though they are not members. I fully agree with the pastor that the best men should be chosen, whether members or not. I am sure that if I feel we might not even then escape all fair. At the last General Conference a man who was not a member was chosen to the highest office in the gift of the church. Those who saw how that election was secured need not be told that Dr. Townsend's plan is signally failed.

Considered in this way, I think I can say it is an honor to be chosen delegate to the General Conference. It is an honor to be one such a body of men as is there assembled,

to have entrusted to one such duties as these there to be performed. But the greatest honor of all, as I regard it, is to be

**Counted Worthy of that Position**

a majority of such a body of men as compose one of our Annual Conferences. This is to me by far the greater honor—such a mark of esteem from such associates. If there is any man here who does not think it an honor, but of no value, let him stand up and show his innocent face. I do not know at a man is chief among sinners if he de-

r. Townsend may not agree with me; if so, he should remember that all his brethren may

He has reached the serene heights of ceas-  
 ure to the world and to all material con-  
 siderations which he long since attained. At  
 he could be patient and charitable. At the  
 me time I would say in the most emphatic  
 anner, if any man is found seeking this  
 onor by any means unworthy of Christian  
 anhood and the vows of the Christian mis-  
 sioner, let him be overwhelmed with the shame  
 and disgrace he would richly deserve. But  
 be sure that he does these things before you  
 proceed to shame and disgrace him. Let not  
 the rumor prove his guilt, but reliable facts.

Second, I am satisfied that the great majority of Methodist preachers are pure and true. I have had much to do with them, and have found them incapable of the things Mr. Townsend ascribes to them. They would not knowingly put such men as he describes in honorable places. And they have sense enough and penetration enough to know when such men are masquerading before them. They are not so easily blinded or polkinked. They would not vote for such a man as a delegate to a conference. They would vote for any other good Christian.

Finally, if any of our brethren are really interested on being reformers in the Methodist Church; if they really wish to make it purer, purer, better; I would suggest that the way to do it is not to sweep the continent and gather up all the complaints of grumblers,

ult finders and disappointed office seekers. It is about time this everlasting fan-finding has stopped! I am in sympathy with a letter I have just received from a hard-working, faithful presiding elder away down east. He says: "Let us boom our beloved Methodistism and enthrone our preachers with a love for souls, and stop this growling because somebody would like to go to General Conference to be a bishop;" and I say, Amen! I would not cover up any wrongs nor seek to shield any wrong-doer; but when we are sat-

And because these exist, let us come together as brethren, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all," and let us consult as to what is best to be done to right the wrong and deal out justice to the wrong doer. But let us not take rumors for facts, nor hurried and foul accusations at each other without cause. We dishonor ourselves, we dishonor our church, by so doing. And this is just what has recently been done. Against me I have uttered my humble protest. If any think I have spoken too severely, let it be remembered the provocation was most severe. I pray God to show us the truth, and help us to defend that which is right.

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# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1892.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.]

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## THE DISCIPLINE OF TRIAL.

Through trial and chastisement are among the bitter experiences we would all like to escape, they are a correction and tonic for the inner man quite indispensable to moral health and vigor. "Trouble," says Hawthorne, "is the next best thing to enjoyment, and there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys and sorrows." The bitterness in due time gives place to an intense relish for what is really best—for the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Through trial come steadiness and self-control—qualities indispensable to the best type of character. In periods of sunshine and prosperity we have a loose hold upon ourselves. We are too often moved by impulse and are too susceptible to the influences about us, which prevents our pressing direct to the mark. The touch of trial obliges us to gather up our resources. It drives us back upon our base. In the great light of life there must be no straggling; the forces must be well in hand; and this moral girding comes through our adverse and darker experiences. The mariner on the sea of probation learns to reef sail as the gale approaches.

From the sadder experiences of life come the increment of strength and consolidation of character. The wrestle with what is against us gives muscle. We not only gain wisdom but strength by the things we suffer and learn to master. Above all, the discipline of trial brings us into sympathy with the humanity about us. Our kinship with the race we feel never so fully as when touched by the breath of sorrow.

## CHRIST'S RELATION TO HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Life, in spite of its underlying seriousness, is not devoid of joy. There is even that in man's soul which finds in the deeply serious facts of life a source of happiness profound and satisfying; and the secret of this transforming power is the presence of Christ. When Christ is with us, all life becomes so changed and renewed that no experience can be wholly dark and sad.

Have you never seen a mountain-side, that had been overrun by fire, springing up with fresh verdure, so that the charred logs and blackened ledges were all covered with a tender veil of green? How beautiful it looked from the valley below—like the softest of emerald carpets spread down the mountain-side for each new morning to light upon out of her golden car! Yet underneath all this beauty were the scars and wounds of the old experience of fire—nay, out of the scars and wounds of that experience the new beauty sprang. It would never have been there but for the scorching flame. The new verdure did not make a new mountain, but it transformed the old one. Out of the charred mold grew the fresh green foliage which made the slope so beautiful.

So does the presence of Christ in the human soul transform the dark experiences of life, clothing them with a beauty which is all the more vivid and wonderful because of the blackened soil out of which they spring. Therefore when we say that the Lord Jesus Christ is with us in our joys, we do not mean simply that He shares with us the brightness of those surface gleams and ripples of life that are at best so changing and so transitory—He does enter into all that is innocent and good among the pleasures of life, and makes these pleasures doubly sweet by His participation; but, after all, our Lord's relation to human happiness is of a deeper kind than this. He hallows all experiences, so that a divine halo of joy shines about them. No matter what the outward circumstances of a human life may be, if Christ comes into it and dwells with it, that life must be one of transcendent joy. "Lo! I am with you always," He says to the soul which has tasted the sweetness and blessedness of His love. And when the soul has fully laid hold upon this assurance, it has already entered upon the joy of heaven and immortality. There is no far-lying star, no realm outside the

visible, which can be more heavenly than the perfect peace of a soul at one forever with God in Christ. We enter heaven when we come into perfect and abiding communion with Christ. We enter upon immortality when we lay hold of that which is immortal. Joy is an evidence of immortality. When you find a person whose very face, as well as life, radiates happiness, you are in the presence of a being who has entered upon immortality. There can be no such happiness except in perfect harmony with the Divine.

## THE EDITOR IN MEXICO.

### To the Gulf of Mexico.

No place seemed more attractive for several days' detention than Orizaba, if the time could have been spared. Very reluctantly we went to our window, which opened towards the mountain, to take our last look at the beautiful, snow-capped summit.

### A Funeral.

As we gazed into the street, a funeral procession was passing by, unlike any that we had ever before seen. Two men bore the casket, painted black with white stripes upon the edges and corners, upon their shoulders. These bearers were dressed in the plain laborer's garb, and some fifteen men, similarly clad, walked along beside them, but without any effort to form into line or to move as a procession. For once we had seen obsequies quite so common and simple. It was no noticeable that there was not a woman among the mourners. Does woman, indeed, have no part in the hour of bereavement? Very likely she has not, for she is the weaker of the sexes in this crude civilization. In this land woman is not expected to have a place at the eating table with her husband. She is to serve and to wait. It was told of one of our native ministers, converted late in life, that he could never overcome the force of his early teaching and practices, and therefore never allowed his Christian wife and children to sit at the dining-table with him. They were invariably obliged to serve him while he ate first and alone. But, reader, before you chide him, remember that there are even in the circle of our American Methodists the remnants of a conventional prejudice against the natural rights of woman that are but little less unreasonable and obstinate.

The mode of burial among the lower orders of Mexicans shocks the visitor from other lands. Many people are unable to purchase even the very cheapest of coffins. It is a common practice to hire a coffin in which to convey the dead to the grave, and then the body is removed and laid in its last resting place wrapped in a sheet or shroud only. Often the poverty is so great that the sheet is the rent of the coffin. In such a case the corpse is covered and tied to a chair, and then is borne through the streets by a little crowd of mourners carrying a crucifix and a few lighted candles.

The funeral car is peculiar to Mexico—a car prepared by the managers of the horse-car lines. The one we saw was a little longer than the ordinary car, and was covered with a canopy and draped in black. It seemed entirely suitable to take the place of a hearse. Ordinary cars are provided for the mourners. Such a procession may be seen almost any day in the city of Mexico.

### The Market-Place.

At Orizaba, in imitation of Paul, we went to the market-place. This is an interesting and busy centre in every city and considerable town in Mexico. Cities provide a large covered enclosure in most places, filled with tables upon which are spread merchandise and curios, provisions, fruit, and a great variety of marketable goods. The natives enter in the morning bring upon their backs or upon burros whatever they are prepared to offer for sale. The women are conspicuous at the tables, and are very bright and ready in making sales. The stall for the sale of meats is one of the strange sights to an American, and immediately presents the conviction that he will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, particularly in Mexico. It is said to be impossible to teach a Mexican to cut up an ox as it is done by Englishmen or Americans. A quarter is hung up, and they commence to slice off the lower part, and thus continue to do until the whole is sold. For the first time we saw upon the table here an animal that had been barbecued. It was cooked whole in the ground—roasted—and there before us it lay in a heap, looking more like pulverized scraps than anything else. The purchaser is at liberty to make such selections as are desired. One of our party—whose name is reserved for prudential reasons—bought of a cackler vendor a set of soup plates, which had painted upon them the peculiar scenes which may be witnessed at a bull-fight. On Sunday the market-place is the busiest of all the week. We left this scene strengthened in the conviction of Paul's general wisdom and practical sense; for no place could have afforded him better opportunity to preach the Gospel to the people.

Stated again in the comfortable chair car of this road, we are reminded of a peculiar practice in this land that we have not mentioned. Everywhere, smokers and smokers are made with a special view to accommodate the smoker, and for economy's sake; they are "double dealers," and may be lighted at both ends. A match is used to light a cigarette or a cigar, is blown out, and then returned to the box to be used at the unlighted end. The women, rich and poor, Spanish and native, smoke with entire freedom in the street. Just in front of us in the car sat a lady and gentleman whom we surmised were on their wedding tour. They were finely dressed and in every way decorous. Judge of our surprise when the man took from his pocket a bunch of cigarettes, gave his companion one, and lighted the match by which both were set on fire. She continued to smoke as leisurely and unconcernedly as her male friend.

### Scenic Beauty.

We made a stop of a few hours at the sleepy old town of Cordova, which has a population of about 8,000. Here we met an "unreconstructed Confederate." He lived in the South during the late Civil War, fought bravely for the success of the "Lost Cause." When final defeat came, he was so chagrined and disheartened that he could not endure it; he fled to this land for refuge, and here he has lived a sort of hermit's life, without a family, and has become wealthy raising coffee. He was as hospitable, however, as the Southern gentleman in his native home. One peculiarity we noticed that was not especially pleasant, though quite significant: As he left his house to show us about the town, he slipped a revolver into his breast pocket. The coffee tree at full growth is from twelve to twenty feet in height. When in blossom, the flower is white, and a coffee ranch in bloom is exceedingly beautiful. The blossom runs along the top of the branches, and reminds one of a light fall of snow on the pines

and spruces of our Northern woods. Fruit grows in Cordova in endless variety. Oranges, lemons, pineapples, mangoes, bananas, and other fruits too numerous to catalogue, may be picked by the visitor. The natural scenery from this point to Vera Cruz, as beheld from the cars, we have never seen excelled. We pass through tunnels and climb and descend mountains over a railroad that has called for an outlay in construction that would have staggered any but an English capitalist. The road was the first built in the land, and it consumed thirty years or more for the time it was begun until it was completed. Bishop Fowler, standing upon the platform of the rear car, and holding fast with both hands, as was necessary because of the sudden jerks in making the curves, observed that he had never seen anything more impressive and remarkable.

Every visitor to Mexico should, by all means, make a trip over this road from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. One view especially lingers in memory. It was when, a thousand feet above the beautiful village of Maltrata, we were informed that we were soon to descend into and pass through the town. Such a rapid descent seemed impossible. But around the mountain side we continued to descend for some moments, all the time gazing delightedly upon the little adobe village, which with its green fields resembled a vast checker-board. A double engine, with double boilers and two smoke pipes weighing a hundred thousand pounds, is manufactured for purpose to be used on this end of the road to ascend and descend these remarkable grades.

### Vera Cruz.

We reach Vera Cruz in the evening. It is a soft moonlight hour; we walk out to the water's edge and look away, at last, upon the Gulf of Mexico. A friend tells us the story of the terrible prison on the island near San Juan d'Ulloa—the historic Mexican Bastille. The cells are below the water's level, and, therefore, damp, and the floors are often covered with water. There the worst criminals of the land are incarcerated. It is not unusual for those sentenced to this prison to plead to be sent instead of such punishment. This is a very old city, first built by Cortez. It is a population of some 12,000 people. The style of architecture for all structures is Spanish. The horse cars have seats upon each side, and also one running through the middle. We enter in the evening the small plaza, to find it filled with perhaps five hundred people. On the piazzas of the hotels and restaurants which environ the plaza, men and women sit at small tables sipping wines and other drinks.

This city is the paradise of the bazaar, which resembles a vast fair, only it is larger, and carries a sort of "cap" of teachers in its head. He is the scavenger of Vera Cruz, appropriating the towers of the church, the roofs of all buildings, and alighting wherever he chooses. A fine of five dollars is inflicted upon any person who kills a buzzard. It is said that the place in which they lay their eggs and hatch their young has never been discovered.

Upon our return, we are obliged to take a train at the early hour of six o'clock in the morning. No faces in the car, except those of our party, are familiar to us. After a little, in our own tongue, we hear the words softly sung,—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells us His love in the Book He has given."

Looking in the direction where the song proceeds, we observe that two young ladies with their eyes are singing for us. We give them a most hearty and grateful "encore," and they sing for us Bishop Herber's great missionary hymn, especially fitting,—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down her golden sand."

Those hymns, sung with so much expression, not only opened a door for a pleasant acquaintance, but were to us a recommendation of reputable character and life.

### Pachuca.

Our stop for the night was at this well-known mining city. Here Rev. I. Chester Cartwright, since his departure from this country by profession and in successful practice, gave us a most cordial welcome. Miss Hastings, sister of Rev. H. L. Hastings, the well-known lecturer and publisher of Boston, is in charge of the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Her very successful school has outgrown its accommodations. The next morning Bishop Fowler mounted a horse to ride fifteen miles (in all) to examine a work among the English people connected with the mines. As the only way to accompany the Bishop was a ride for the same distance on horseback up and down the precipitous mountains, we declined the invitation. Mr. Cartwright showed us meantime the old and the new methods by which the silver ore is separated from the rock with which it is interblended. The old process requires several acres of land, and is based on the fact that the wages of men and the cost and use of donkeys is very inexpensive. At this place men were employed to do the work which could be more successfully performed by machinery. We counted 235 mules, which were used in squads of about thirty each, simply, by traveling over it, to reduce the mud, with the silver in it, to a thinner consistency. In native attire of one, with a huge whip in his hand by which he kept the animals in perpetual motion, walking in a circle about him. As a last process, the liquid is run into a smaller place, and the natives are obliged to further pulverize it by walking about in it and upon it. Here we witness the practices of Egypt and the older nations in separating human beings to perform the work which the American and the Englishman have so long succeeded in doing by machinery. It was a revolting sight to see men degraded to such servile and needless toil. Close by is an American enterprise which does by machinery the same work. It is a small and humble building. The ore, however, is put into one mill for grinding, and then is carried into another in which it is constantly broken and disintegrated in water. From one process to another it is borne by machinery, almost instinct with life, until the silver appears in the large bars before your eyes. Only three men were seen about the entire premises. This is a good illustration of the working force of a free and ingenious brain put over against servile and imprisoned humanity. So rich are these mines in the place first visited, that the natives, when their day's work is done, are washed thoroughly that they may not carry away the ore with them, as are also the men who have been at work with naked limbs in the mud. The pockets and clothing of the workmen are also examined as they leave the premises, to see if they have any of the valuable ore secreted upon them.

From Pachuca Bishop Fowler went several miles to lay the corner-stone of a new church for the Indians. He pronounced the effort most encouraging, and expressed the opinion that our work among the native Indians is especially hopeful in good results. These annual visits of the Bishops to such fields are no play-day affairs, as we can assuredly attest. It means constant activity, with much of hardship and privation. It means, also, new life and better work in the mission. The annual visit to these fields is of more value, we conclude, than would be the presence of a resident bishop.

## Dr. Chadbourne's Reply.

It was indicated, when space was given to Dr. Townsend's address, that the same indulgence would be accorded to a reply, if made before the same body. Dr. Chadbourne's response will, therefore, be found on the second page. A subject of such importance cannot and should not be discussed "in a corner." Our readers have the same right to know what is said as the comparatively few who were able to listen to these eminent brethren. As both sides have had such generous hearing in our columns, and as we are pledged to bring out the Vermont and New England Conference Editions of ZION'S HERALD before the first of April, it will be impossible for us to publish any contributions which these addresses may evoke. But let our ministry and people take up this important reform, and deal with it so faithfully and heroically that the "Clerical Politics" which Dr. Chadbourne confesses does exist in the denomination, shall be no longer possible.

## The Vote on the Woman Question.

It is supposed, judging from an editorial in the late number of the *Advocate*, that our brethren who have opposed the admission of women as delegates to the General Conference are happy, now that the requisite two-thirds has not been secured in the clerical vote. Very well, they have a right to rejoice and to exult, believing as they do that such admission would be both wrong and inexpedient.

As in all controversies relating to measures to be adopted or rejected by authoritative action, there are two parties to be affected by the result, so in this matter there are many, yes, a majority, of the Methodist people and ministers who are grieved and chagrined at this technical result. There is, however, no occasion for either superior or discouragement.

When we consider the conditions under which this vote was taken, the wonder is rather that so large a number have expressed their approval. The friends of this reform had to contend with the traditions of ages of superstition and prejudice wherein woman was relegated to the position of subordination to man as her owner and master; with the church's own indifference which wither out discrimination says, "Let well enough alone;" with the "untutored mind" of the mass of our Southern brethren scarcely out of the shadow of slavery; with the "foreign vote," at home and abroad, dominated more or less by old-world ideas concerning the position of woman; with something of that pride of dominion which, even in the church, boasts of masculine superiority; with the powerful and persistent opposition of the churches, who may indeed find occasion for out-cries, saying, "Let well enough alone;" with the "untutored mind" of the mass of our Southern brethren scarcely out of the shadow of slavery; with the "foreign vote," at home and abroad, dominated more or less by old-world ideas concerning the position of woman; with something of that pride of dominion which, even in the church, boasts of masculine superiority; 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## The Family.

### A VACANT NEST.

OLIVER B. DANA.

Out of the maple, all aflame  
With fluttering, crimson leaves, it came—  
This vacant nest, still eloquent  
Of toils that its making went;  
Of straws and twigs; of patient skill,  
And mother love that vigil kept  
While in its shelter birdsling slept.

'Tis empty now of song and wing,  
A worthless and abandoned thing,  
Relic of summer woods and streams,  
And yet not wholly dead it seems.  
I follow with a present sight  
The wandering bird that weeping flight  
Of its dear, tender tenants, gone  
Where falls no snowflake on the thorn.

Why mourn for them? Their summer done,  
With finished tasks and quiescent wings,  
Ere the first frost their dwelling chills,  
They take their way o'er fields and hills;  
Their viewless path with ease they find,  
Companioned only by the wind;  
Before the snow around us lies,  
They carol under summer skies.

O empty nest! the voice that is  
Heard in these chilly silences  
Is sweeter far than used to float  
From any trembling, feathered throat  
When morning dews the grass impaled  
Or twilight tumbled a happy world.

This low voice says: "The music gone  
From us is elsewhere sounding on.  
The nest to leafless branches clings,  
The bird that builded it bath wings!"

Augusta, Maine.

### WINTER LILACS.

A bunch of lilacs near the door,  
These and no more by the door,  
Delicate lily white, like the new snow  
Falling below;  
A friend saw the flowers and brought them  
To me.

As one who should see  
A trifle, a glow, just dropped and returned  
While a loving thought burned.

Dark all day was the room of mine  
Till those flowers divine  
Into my darkness brought their own light  
And back to the night.

Of my spirit the faintest days of June  
And the brooklet's tune;  
Where the garden door was left wide open  
While by my side

One sat, who, raising his eyes from the book  
With the old folk look,  
Asked if I loved not indeed that page  
And the words of the sage.

And as he spoke the cool blue sky,  
The robin's note,  
The dropping blossoms of locust trees  
Humming with bees.

The budding garden, the season's calm  
Dropt their own balm.

And these, my friend, were brought back  
To me.

Like a tide of the sea,  
When out of winter and into my room  
Came summer's bloom.

The flowers reopened those shining gates  
Where the soul's eyes long to gaze;  
Many and many a day in vain,  
While in the rain

We stand, and doubting the future, at last  
Forget the past.

So you will believe what a pony may do,  
When friends are true.

For the sick at heart in the winter days,  
When nothing allays  
The restless hunger, the tears that start,  
The weary smart.

But the old, old love and the summer hush,  
And the lilac bush.

—ANNIE FIELDS, in Scribner.

### MISUNDERSTANDING.

They walk together, friend and friend,  
From week to week and day by day,  
And one child shadow falls across  
Their common way.

They cannot tell from whence it comes,  
But nanities things most cruel are,  
And friendship time could never break,  
They blight or mar.

A veil impassable as air,  
Yet unmistakable as death,  
A veil that might be blown away  
By one free breath.

Shrouds each from each the other's life,  
And hides the face they used to read,  
But hints through all its piteous folds  
Their common need.

O friends; once loving, trust long,  
There is one Judge, one Judge alone,  
To whom all hearts are open, all  
Desires are known.

In His dear Presence you may meet,  
So sundered and so helpless now,  
And He to rend the veil will say  
Will teach you how.

Ye know what He to each will say—  
Forgive, forget, begin anew,  
And learn of Me to love as I  
Have loved you.

—HARRIET McEWEEN KIMBALL, in Congregationalist.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

'Tis true that when the dust of death has choked  
A great man's voice, the common words he spoke  
Turn oracles, the common thoughts he yoked  
Like horses, draw like griffins.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"Though there ain't no pulpits and pews,  
There's a sight of brotherly love round in  
them seats, and plous practice as well as  
powerful preaching in that shabby desk.  
He don't need no commandments painted up  
himself to read on Sunday, for he keeps 'em  
in his heart and life all the week, as honest as  
man can." —Louis M. Alcott.

Faith, Hope, Love—these are the graces  
which "abide," and which are the main stay  
of character and Christian life; united, they  
produce all the fruits of the Spirit. Faith  
looks at the unseen and prevents undue heed  
to that which is visible. Love lays hold on  
the unselfish and prevents absorption in the  
idols of self-interest. Hope reaches toward  
the future, the eternal, and prevents us from  
being controlled by the temporal and the  
present. When these three are thus joined,  
human character takes on the features of the  
divine. —Dr. A. T. Pierson.

The year has lost its leaves again,  
The world looks old and grim;  
God folds His robe of glory thus,  
That we may see but Him.

And all His stormy messengers  
That come with whirlwind breath,  
Beat out our chaff of vanity,  
And leave the grains of faith.

Then blow, O wild winds, as ye list,  
And let the world look grim;  
God folds His robe of glory thus,  
That we may see but Him.

—Alice Cary.

How beautiful it would be to live in a world  
where every being we met unconsciously re-  
vealed in look and word and action, in the  
slightest gesture and movement, the Divine  
intention in his creation! It is because little  
children do so, for the first brief months of  
their lives, that they charm us and captivate  
us. And it is in the simplicity of being with-  
out dissimulation, and from the depths of our  
souls, just what we were meant to be, that  
we become as little children, and with them enter  
into the kingdom of heaven. The world  
seems to force us to put on masks and veils

—to hide what is most real in us behind some  
conventional caricature of ourselves. But  
both life and death strive with us, compelling  
us to show, if only by glimpses, what we  
truly are, as the children of God, and mirrors  
of His holy nature. LUCY LARCOM, in "As  
It Is in Heaven."

When did man ever give up anything to  
God his Father that he did not receive back  
his own gift a thousand times enriched with  
blessings? We give ourselves to God; what  
do we receive back? A nobler, purer, better  
self, enriched with all the powers and graces  
of a nobler life! We sacrifice our goods,  
our wealth, our ambition, to God; we get  
back a contented and peaceful spirit which  
can dispense with wealth and success, and  
without which wealth and success are no  
blessings! We discharge the duties of our  
life for God, and there comes into these, even  
the smallest and the lowliest of them, an in-  
terest, a dignity, a beauty unknown before,  
as we think of each one of these: This is  
the work my Father has given me to do. We  
give those we love to Him, dedicating and  
training them for Him; are they lost to us  
even when He takes them from us? Are  
they in the very act of that taking given  
us back in the assurance of their eternal  
peace, joy, and safety in His presence? Are  
they not for us from that hour treasures laid  
up forever in heaven, where the rust and  
moth of fretting care and change come  
never, and death may not break through to  
steal them away? —Bishop of Peterborough.

"No chastening for the present seemeth to  
be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, after-  
ward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of right-  
eousness to them which are exercised there-  
by." Very beautiful are the effects of a  
great sorrow which has been allowed to do  
its work without hindrance or opposition  
from a perverse will. A stronger faith, a  
more buoyant hope, a higher courage, a  
greater gentleness, a sweeter charity—these  
are some of the things which follow in due  
and natural order. It has been said that  
"afflictions are the flails with which the  
angels beat the selfishness out of our  
hearts." The figure is pretty, but does not  
fully measure up to the truth. We prefer the  
inspired statement: "Our light affliction,  
which is but for a moment, worketh for us a  
far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;  
while we look not at the things which are  
seen, but at the things which are not seen;  
for the things which are seen are temporal,  
but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The rawness and crudeness of character,  
which are the natural inheritance of every  
man, often yield to no treatment except one  
that involves the severest measures. In such  
cases God does not hesitate to use heroic  
remedies—if so He may make us perfect,  
thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

He deals honestly with us for the health of  
our souls, lays upon our backs the scorpion  
lash, puts upon our shoulders the crushing  
load, presses to our lips the bitter cup, drives  
us through the fiery furnace, and casts us  
into the lions' den. He knows what is best  
for us, and He gives us what is best. He is  
"too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

The end justifies the means. It is a rare  
thing to find an old and mature Christian who,  
as he looks back over his long life, does not  
give devout thanks for pain and loss, for  
fears and heartaches, for grief and tempest.  
Mrs. Browning has beautifully put this  
thought into appropriate verse:—

"For us—what'er is undergone,  
That knowest, wiltest what is done,  
Grief may be joy misanderstood;  
Or the Good discerns the measure. In such  
cases God does not hesitate to use heroic  
remedies—if so He may make us perfect,  
thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

"I praise Thee while my days go on;  
I love Thee while my days go on;  
Through dark and death, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasures lost,  
I thank Thee while my days go on."

—Nashville Christian Advocate.

### A CHINESE MISSION-SCHOOL.

PROF. C. C. BRADON.

THE English have made an English Shang-  
hai which is larger and much more im-  
posing architecturally (though not odorifi-  
cally) than Chinese Shanghai. Indeed, Chi-  
nese Shanghai is a curiosity in Shanghai  
proper, like Five Points in New York or the  
North End in Boston. The business blocks  
and homes of English Shanghai are large,  
solid and imposing—better than most cities  
in England can boast. The grounds about  
many of the residences are magnificent.

Through miles of streets bordered by such  
homes one may ride to the edge of the city  
where the graves begin. The country is at  
once dotted thick with these. They are too  
near these homes for aesthetic comfort, and  
for sanitary reasons are much too thick.  
They make one think of hay-cocks in a new-  
ly-cut meadow. Sometimes the wooden boxes  
are left wholly exposed on the surface; some-  
times they are covered with earth. In no  
plan or system, they seem to be left where  
the friends got tired of carrying them, though  
in fact they are placed according to the orders  
of the "medicine-man," determined by many  
occult ceremonies. Sometimes great heaps  
of earth show where families have buried  
several members. No fences, no anything,  
separate them from the vast common.

Through miles of these undug graves one  
drives over a good road to the mission-school  
of which I write. It is in a "Compound,"  
or collection of mission buildings, all in for-  
eign style and some beautifully built of stone.  
The main school is for boys, but our errand  
is to the girls' part. We are shown about by  
women who seem to enjoy their life and work  
as much as any teachers in this country. Ev-  
erything is scrupulously clean, and must be a  
noticeable contrast to their own "homes" to  
those girls who have ever had any among  
their own people. But most of these girls  
have never had another home. They have  
been picked up where they were left to die.  
For it is well known that Chinese girl-  
babies are not welcome, and mothers do not  
hesitate to murder them or leave them in out-  
of-the-way places to perish. But for the mis-  
sionaries, thirty-two out of these forty girls  
would be dead. They seem glad enough to  
have lived, these rosy-cheeked, black-haired,  
bouncing, almond-eyed Celestial girls!

As we enter a school-room all rise to greet  
us. In almost every one a Christian song  
is sung, often in their quaint English. Doesn't  
it seem good to hear these voices joining so  
heartily in "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or  
"There is a happy land," or "There is a  
green hill far away?" They like to sing, these  
youngsters, and are proud of their English.  
They all wear blouses of cotton and white  
trousers of the same cloth, coming to their  
feet, sometimes bare and sometimes in the  
Chinese shoe. Some of them speak really  
for the strangers. Each one does readily  
what she is asked, never feigning a cold or  
holding back in mock modesty.

So soon as she is old enough, each has

her own little bed, each room having six to  
twelve beds and communicating with a room  
in which the one in charge sleeps. In the  
nursery are all ages of infants, with all ap-  
paratus for their care. The nursery is the  
important place, for most of the girls are  
found when a few weeks or days—some  
when only one day—old. These girls are  
kept till fifteen or sixteen years old usually,  
may be more, and are married to native help-  
ers or are put to work in suitable places.  
Special talent is wisely cared for and used.

In case of girls who are sent by their parents,  
the condition is strict that they are not to be  
betrayed without the consent of the mission-  
aries. So our women have some chance to  
gratify their match-making propensity. The  
cost of each child is small, so that many a  
giver might have the satisfaction of putting  
his money right into personal flesh and blood  
and knowing exactly what became of it.

In all these lands I was impressed with  
what a little money could do. The older girls  
do all the sewing—make the clothes and  
household linen. The cost to maintain a girl  
is \$2.25 per month. In another school I saw  
the beds—what we would call single beds—  
doing duty for two girls, each with her head  
at an end and feet going down—or up—to  
the other's head. Quite an idea for economy!  
Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese do not sleep  
on the floor.

The nurses are often Chinese women. As  
we entered one school the little two-and-  
three-year-olds came solemnly marching up  
to us, and holding out the hand, said, "How  
do?" and when we went, "Good-bye." One  
played on a Mason & Hamlin organ (these  
people make very generous reductions on their  
organs to send to missions), one handed me a  
book, and ten little tots stood hand in hand  
and said, "Jesus loves me." My brother sig-  
nified that he would like to take a photograph  
of the school, and in a flash two or three were  
whispering to the teacher, "What did they  
say?" "They asked if they might run and  
change their gowns for their best."

These missions pay the cook \$3 a month,  
the washerwoman \$2, a man helper \$4, an-  
other \$5 and board (equal to \$1.50) a month.  
So you see how much a little money will do.  
How can any one, Christian or not, help giv-  
ing freely to missions? I cannot see.

### THE MAID'S EXAMPLE.

AN eminent lawyer in Boston, forty  
years in his profession, once told me  
how a principle governing his life had been  
set into his mind.

While a student, he went to a meeting held  
in behalf of missions in that city. One speak-  
er, a plain workman, stated that then in  
his family was living "a great Sunday-school  
and missionary girl." She came from New  
Hampshire; her wages were "nine shillings  
per week"; she had a class of street boys in  
the — Sunday-school, who never missed  
her from her place; and she gave one dollar  
every month to missions. He said further:

"She is the happiest, kindest, truest girl I  
ever had in my kitchen." "I went home,"  
said the now venerable lawyer, "with a  
stirred-up heart by this narrative: 'Class of  
street boys; one dollar a month to missions;  
and happiest girl, etc.' The three things kept  
running through my mind. I was ashamed  
of myself. I'll have a place in Sunday-school,  
was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar  
a month, I can, and will, come next; and as to  
the happiness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, super-  
intendent, valuable helper in Sunday-school  
conventions and councils, all these years have  
shown him to be.

His gifts to missions and to all Christian  
work have been steadily growing, and might  
comparatively be called princely. In tens,  
hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at  
times matching by his own the contributions  
of the entire church of which he is a member,  
and which is no mean New England church.

"In three directions," says an eminent  
German scholar, "we acknowledge impossi-  
ble limits to natural science," naming as the  
last "that which leads from the physical  
phenomena in man to those of the soul." The  
instance we have told here does better than  
the philosopher, for it plainly adds to his  
three more, and of far more real worth than  
all his—the measureless limits of a  
good example. Can we calculate the result  
of that lovely kitchen-girl's example, upon  
and through even this one man? The Sun-  
day-school work it led him into still keeps him  
busy; the steady forty years' giving, its effect  
upon himself, upon the church of which he is a  
member, and upon all who know him; the  
missionaries his gifts actually have support-  
ed; the converts led to Christ by them; and  
the other soul-harvests by these converts, and  
to be followed by successive conversions to  
the end of time; the Bible translated, print-  
ed, given to the heathen, into which work his  
contributions through these years have en-  
tered; the Sunday-schools and even theologi-  
cal schools which have grown up in these  
giving years—ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday-school  
and missionary woman did is just what, in  
other forms, any like her in spirit, in work,  
in sacrifice for Christ, can do. —Dr. WHIT-  
ING, in London Sunday School World.

### ABOUT WOMEN.

—Miss Clara Pohl, of Franklin, Penn., having  
secured 1,000 subscribers to the Ladies' Home Journal,  
has been awarded the highest prize offered by that  
magazine to agents—a free scholarship in the New  
England Conservatory of Music, with all expenses  
paid.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist,  
has been accorded a pension on the civil service list  
of the British Government, "in consideration of her  
services to literature and archaeology." This honor  
comes at a most opportune time, for Miss Edwards  
is still confined to a sick bed, having never entirely re-  
covered from the accident which befell her towards  
the end of her lecturing tour in this country, nearly  
two years ago.

—Miss Ada M. Crawford, forewoman of the di-  
rectory publishing firm of Howe, in Philadelphia,  
holds the world's championship for rapidity in ad-  
dressing, sealing, and stamping envelopes. She can  
stamp 3,000 letters an hour, and moistens each  
stamp with her tongue. Using a sponge, she can  
only stamp 2,000 an hour.

—Mrs. Richards, of Montana, who offered to  
give the last nail to be driven into the Woman's  
Building, is having it manufactured at Butte City,  
after her own design. The nail will be a twelve-  
penny in size, and will be composed of the principal  
mineral product of the State. This nail, when driven,  
will pass through a medalion of very elaborate de-  
sign, comprising the coat-of-arms of Montana—a  
cotton-wool plant, a mountain line. The sunset will  
be composed entirely of sapphires, the mountains of  
gold and the valleys of silver—all home produc-  
tions—and the whole will form an emblem at once  
beautiful and unique. —New York Tribune.

—Great regret will be caused by the announce-  
ment that Mrs. Zarelda G. Wallace will probably  
have to give up lecturing. She writes to Miss Will-  
ard: "I am well, but fear my public work is over.  
For the first time, my dear children enter a protest  
against my leaving home alone. I do not think it

right to risk putting them again through the ordeal  
of last fall. I must decline serving on any public  
committee; shall remain at home, and try to do in a  
quiet way all I can for 'God and Home and Human-  
ity.'" —Woman's Journal.

—A new organization of women in San Fran-  
cisco, styled the "Doctors' Daughters," is devoted to  
the relieving of the need of poor people that are in  
distress on account of illness in the family. There  
are about forty of the "Daughters," with a follow-  
ing of about 200 associate members devoted to the  
work of raising funds and distributing them by per-  
sonal visitation among the deserving sick poor.

—The "Woman's Real Estate Association" was  
organized in Indianapolis, Ind., a few weeks  
ago, and incorporated with \$5,000 capital stock. Its  
purpose is to deal in real estate, both as rental agents  
and as speculators, and it already has considerable  
property placed under its control. The members are  
women of standing. Mrs. Leon Bailey, who holds a  
prominent place in the literary and musical circles of  
the city, is president.

—Miss Sarah Johnson has opened a Bureau of  
Information in Tremont Temple, Boston. She aims  
to make it a Directory and Ladies' Guide. Stran-  
gers in the city can be furnished with a guide to ac-  
company them in shopping or sight-seeing. Infor-  
mation can be obtained of good private boarding-  
places. Trained nurses will be provided. Orders  
for sewing and fine mending will be received, and  
shopping of all kinds will be done to order. —  
Woman's Journal.

—Miss Margaret C. Shaw, a niece of Rev. Anna  
H. Shaw, and a student at Michigan University,  
applied for admission to the course in civil engineer-  
ing. As there have been no women in the engineering  
courses thus far, the officials demurred, and reasoned  
with the young woman, assuring her that women  
could not succeed as civil engineers; but Miss Shaw  
persisted in her request. The faculty, after daily  
deliberation upon the case, have given her permission  
to take the course, and the class of 1894 will be the  
first to graduate a woman engineer from the Uni-  
versity of Michigan. —Ibid.

—All women will appreciate the womanliness  
of the English Queen, who with her own hands  
made the superb wreath which she sent to lay upon  
the bier of her grandson, the late Duke of Clarence,  
as "a mark of tender affection and love from his  
most devoted, loving, and sorrowful grandmother,  
Victoria, R. I." And few women will withhold a  
thrill of sisterly sympathy as they read of the  
touching little incident which occurred after the  
benediction at the close of the services in St.  
George's Chapel, when the "Duke of Teck handed  
the Prince of Wales a small wreath, which the  
Prince tenderly laid on the coffin. It was her bridal  
wreath of orange blossoms, which, by Princess  
May's wish, was placed on the coffin of her beloved  
one." —N. Y. Times.

### WORK AND PLAY IN ONE.

MRS. W. F. WHEELER.

NOT long ago I read the story of a Daughter  
of the King who neglected her home duties and  
at the close of school sessions rushed away from her  
classmates in an endeavor to find some work that she  
fancied worthy to be done "in His Name." Of  
course the writer went on to teach that the little home  
duties are as important as any; and now comes a  
new suggestion to school-girl Daughters.

Corla L. Stockham, in the Sister Cross for January,  
points out a work that none can do better than school-  
girls—a way in which they may work for the King  
and help smaller children at school. Teachers and  
others know that the tiny little children are often  
perfectly lawless during the recess hour. On this  
account some have actually proposed to deprive the  
smallest scholars of their recess altogether. In these  
days, when many children have their nervous  
systems so much overtaxed in school, it seems like  
the worst kind of cruelty to take away the relaxation  
of their recess hour, and it is to be hoped that any-  
thing else may be first tried. One means to this end  
is to teach the children games and lead them in play-  
ing, so that mischievous tendencies may be directed  
into better channels.

Now, school-girl Daughters, will you not ask your  
teacher to allow you to go once or twice a week to  
play with the little ones? "Pass in the Corner"  
and like games would be better than nothing; but  
the true Daughter of the King may do better still,  
by first learning some of the instructive games that  
are taught by Kindergartners and then leading the  
tiny children in these games just as the Kindergarten  
would do.

Will not older Daughters call the attention of the  
school-girls to this work? When rightly directed,  
the play spirit, that forms so large a part of child  
nature, may be used for the truest educational pur-  
pose; and if the character be rightly formed now,  
it will require less re-forming by and by. Besides  
knowing she is a real help to the children, and feeling  
that she is truly serving the King, the Daughter  
may be acquiring an experience with children that  
will be useful to her in future years as she becomes a  
teacher, or a head teacher in public schools, or a  
training children at home. She will also learn to  
govern herself, and at the same time be embalming  
her own memory in childish hearts that never forget  
in after life, however often it may seem they do.

Los Angeles, Cal.

### HOW "AMERICA" WAS WRITTEN.

ON the recent celebration of Washington's  
Birthday at the William H. Lincoln  
School, Brookline, Dr. S. F. Smith, of New-  
ton, was the principal guest, and told the  
pupils how he came to write the familiar  
song.

"Many times I have been asked," said Dr. Smith,  
"how I came to write 'My Country, 'tis of Thee.' I  
wrote it while a student at the Theological School  
at Andover. At that time William C. Woodbridge  
went to Germany to study the school system of that  
country, with a view to introducing into our schools  
anything that commended itself to his judgment.  
He found that a great deal was made of singing in  
the schools, for the public school teachers in Germany  
believed that everybody had a voice to sing if he  
only thought so and would open his mouth and try.

"Mr. Woodbridge brought home with him a large  
collection of singing books especially adapted for  
school use. These he put into the hands of Lowell  
Mason, then one of the most noted musicians of the  
day. I was on terms of familiarity with Mr. Mason,  
and he brought to me a great heap of those books.

"Here," said he, "Mr. Woodbridge has brought me  
a lot of German songs and I can't read them, but  
you can and you can make verses. Will you please  
look them over and sort out those which you think  
will be best adapted to school use?"

"One dismal day in the month of February, as I  
was standing near my window looking over the col-  
lection, I came to one which I liked. My attention  
was attracted to the words, which were of a patriotic  
nature, and the impulse came over me to make a  
patriotic hymn for my own country.

"I began at once, and at the end of a half hour  
put the piece into my portfolio. I went to my supper,  
thinking no more of the circumstance. The next  
time I went to Boston I took the song with me and  
gave it to Mr. Mason. As he did not refer to it at  
our next meeting I did not and it passed from my  
mind.

"On the next Fourth of July, as I was passing  
Park Street Church, I was attracted by the sound of  
music. I entered the building and found it filled  
with boys and girls engaged in a patriotic celebra-  
tion of the day. While the orator of the day was speak-  
ing I glanced over the shoulder of a person in front  
of me, who had a program, and saw that the last  
piece on the program was to be a song, 'My Country,  
'tis of Thee.' That was sixty years ago. I have

since had a number of translations of it sent to me  
from foreign countries.

"In 1838 Mr. Mason, through the school committee  
of Boston, was enabled, with great effort, to have  
singing introduced into the public schools. What  
was done in Boston has since been done in almost  
every place in the United States.

"I have heard the piece, 'America,' sung in  
country schools from the woods of Maine to the log  
houses of Texas. When gold was discovered in  
California I heard it there. Once, when in the State  
of Colorado, in the city of Manitou, I visited a great  
limestone cave, near which is Pike's Peak. In this  
cave is a room called the 'Organ Room.' The action  
of the climate upon the limestone has caused the  
stone to melt and drop into the cave beneath. This  
substance has congealed, until large pillars have been  
formed resembling the pipes of an organ. Many of  
these are hollow, and are three, four and even six  
feet in length. The guide who went from place to  
place with us had found that by striking these hollow  
pillars with a billet of wood he could produce musical  
sounds. When our party entered the room he said,  
'Stand apart and I will play you a tune.' To my  
great astonishment I heard my own song, 'My  
Country 'tis of Thee.' I had heard it on the sea and  
on the land, and it was now my pleasure to hear it  
under the earth."

## Little Folks.

### THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the  
honest eyes of blue,  
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the  
level ocean floor?  
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away  
from our view,  
And down the slope of the world they go, to seek  
some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move  
at the breeze' will,  
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting  
in distance gray;  
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds  
their sails that fill,  
Like faithful servants speed them all on their ap-  
pointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a  
staunch man at the wheel,  
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will  
of the man is there;  
There is never a moment, day or night, that the  
vessel does not feel  
The force of the purpose that shapes her course,  
and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on  
life's wide, treacherous sea,  
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to  
stand the stress of the gale,  
And your hand on the wheel; don't let it flinch,  
whatever the tempest be,  
For the will of man, with the help of God, shall  
conquer and prevail.

—CELIA THAXTER, in St. Nicholas.

### CHANGING AN ENEMY INTO A FRIEND.

MISS E. E. BACKUS.







